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ADDRESSES

DELIVERED AT THE

Sixty-Fourth Annual Commencement

OF THE

National Medical College,

(MEDICAL DEPARTMENT OF THE COLUMBIAN UNIVERSITY,)

BY

PROF. W. W. GODDING, M. D.,

AND

W. W. L. CISSEL, M. D.,

MARCH 17, 1886.

WASHINGTON, D. C.:

Printed by W. H. Moore, 511 Eleventh St., N. W.
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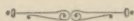
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Professor of Bandaging and Minor Surgery.

ADDRESS

OF

PROF. W. W. GODDING, M. D.

MEMBERS OF THE GRADUATING CLASS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

In accordance with an immemorial custom we have come together at the end, which, by a singular felicity of language, we call the commencement. Once it had a meaning; this ceremony of initiation into a noble guild, this laying on of Alma Mater's hands, this feast of roses. But the heroic age and the Olympic awards are gone; past are the days of chivalry, and with them the maiden knight passing from vigil to accolade—long past into the old world shadows. We have come to an iron age of positivism, where illusions have no place. Man is no longer "fearfully and wonderfully made," a being past finding out; there is nothing fearful about him. Science has followed his development up from the embryo and has seen the fashioning of his members "when as yet there was none of them"—only a monad, I think they call him. She can tell us how out of their need organs are evolved, and how by their disuse they are taken away. In the last analysis she brings him down to the crematory, weighs his ashes, measures his gases, and only fails to take account of the life, that, like the flower's perfume, has been exhaled.

Is there not something of this want about commencement exercises, that the life has departed? When those mediæval schools alone kept the lamp of knowledge burning—dimly it is true, but in a world where all else was night—even the Latin parchment given in token of an art acquired was a luminous document, and the waiting world received the scholar from his cloister and his books with a genuine sensation but faintly paralleled by the manner in which it now stands aghast at the announcement of a new arrival of doctors.

Nevertheless we must take the age as we find it, no doubt for us the best age the world has ever known. Nor, on this occasion, banked in with these fair flowers, entranced with music and shadowed by bright eyes that recall "the sweet influences of Pleiades" in the winter nights of long ago, can you expect me to deny that life is worth living. No, the sunrise as it comes fresh every morning has not paled in the eastern sky, and when Day shuts the gates of the west, still, as of yore, born out of the gathering darkness, "one star differeth from another star," only "in glory." From the world's youth that is immortal, nothing of beauty has faded. The change is in ourselves; it is out of our lives that the illusions have vanished.

Have we not come to something better than illusion? Here are young men—why do I use the invidious adjective, are we not all young to-night?—men who after faithfully performing their allotted official duties in the departments by day, at its close, forgetting fatigue, or at least denying themselves repose and foregoing the innocent delights of social life, those recreations which beguile so many, have given their evenings, week by week, month after month, going on for years, to medical research and study, to make themselves masters of the profession—for what? Not to amass wealth by the practice, for the experience of the average disciple of *Æsculapius* shows this to be illusion, not merely in a possible eclipse of civil service reform that they might have a profession to live by, but mainly, as I believe, for the benefit to one's-self, which all true knowledge brings, that thenceforward life might be lifted to wider horizons, and so become fitted for the enjoyment of riches that no change of fortune can take away—the only treasure we need not wholly leave behind us, a wealth that ennobles the soul. These men have not followed illusions; they have been guided by the light of the strictest common sense.

Standing in such presence, what can I briefly say here, that when uttered may be found worthy of being carried away into your future lives? What talismanic word that shall keep you unharmed in that battle? I fear that there is none; light bubbles breaking on the froth of the occasion are perhaps all that are to be expected or desired. What then shall those bubbles be, for it is time we had arrived at the gist of this matter? Casting about for a theme, and knowing that what young medical practitioners are apt to be most burdened with, is money, I have thought it might be as well for me to give you **SOME ADVICE IN REGARD TO INVESTMENTS**, making this a kind of medical price current.

Your first step will be to purchase a corner lot for your residence. It will be convenient for persons coming from all directions to call the doctor. You will pay for it considerably later.

Your next purchase will be experience. This will cost you dearly, but you must have it. A good thing of which you can hardly have too much, you will usually pick it up in odd lots at unexpected times and places, often at a great sacrifice on the part of your patient. In purchasing experience you will hardly fail to part with many preconceived notions, which will prove a good exchange. Perhaps on account of the hasty manner in which it is often gathered it is no uncommon thing to find experience badly mixed with repentance, indeed, so much is this the case that the one has sometimes been mistaken for the other. Considering the intrinsic value as well as the high market price of experience, it is a little singular that it is almost worthless second hand, and being a very perishable article is apt to moulder with its possessor. I should also say that it is of little value except in combination with common sense, and if you have not the latter you need not

hope to supply the defect by purchase. While there is no good substitute for experience I have found that a well digested book knowledge and keeping the top of the head closely shaven goes a great way with the public in estimating your stock in trade.

In the Babel of this Vanity Fair whither you are come there are many things in which you will be asked to invest that are not desirable; there are others you cannot afford to be without; others again that you should part with only with your lives. I have time to name but a small portion of them.

Sitting silently in your office waiting for patients who do not come and longing for the well earned fame that may yet crowd your ante-room, you will be offered notoriety as a cheap substitute for solid reputation, which also affords the quickest and largest returns for the amount of capital invested of anything on the market. Beware of it, for with all its tempting gains sooner or later it will bankrupt the physician who deals in it.

The gold-headed cane is no longer deemed indispensable as formerly, although a pompous, overbearing manner can be had cheap but is dear at any price, and like the bomerang is apt to recoil on the head of the projector.

You will need to buy some office furniture. This should be unobtrusive but neat and tasteful. Many little articles you can purchase later as your practice may require, and there is room here for the exercise of a variety of tastes, but in this matter of furnishing the home the one indispensable article from the start is a good wife; this however I do not not advise you to acquire by purchase. Find some one who is willing to make the sacrifice. In this selection too there is room for a variety of tastes—like Milton's first pair,

"The world is all before you where to choose;"

you could almost begin to-night.

You have probably already possessed yourselves, or think you have, of the "*tactus eruditus*," or professional touch. Its importance in judging of slight changes in the character of the pulse, in the detection of commencing suppuration, of obscure crepitus, in the diagnosis of deep-seated tumors or diseases of the internal organs, has been sufficiently dwelt on by your teachers. Did they perhaps omit to call your attention to another touch, so important to the physician struggling to get on in the world, the Midas touch, which turns everything into gold? On account of the extreme delicacy which this touch implies in handling the patient we give it another name; we call it tact. The physician who is the fortunate possessor of tact may have his office very plainly furnished; he may even be compelled to conduct his examination without thermometer or stethoscope, but all the same he will be found to have discovered the disease and applied the remedy. While you are getting ready to administer the anesthetic he will have coaxed the dislocated shoulder into place. See him with the children; they take to him, and children know their

friends. As they grow up they never grow out of a fondness for him. He never intrudes, for he is always welcome. There is health and reassurance in his footstep coming up the stairs. They want him at the weddings, and when the gates of life are opening, whether on this or a better world. Even the old maid aunt unbosoms all her sorrows to him. The wife consults him as the Romans did their oracles constantly, and the head of the family feels it a privilege to pay the bill. Is not this conclusive of the Midas touch?

In a world where we say everything has its price, two things will prove exceptions in your case; nay, I will say three, and assume that your principles are not on the market. What are the two exceptions? The first is one that the public will give to you in abundance, while you will make your living by imparting it to them. This is advice, and it is an open question whether you or the public will have the best of the bargain. The second, though freely given to you, you cannot afford to give away. It is the confidence of your patient. The professional confidences which you receive are to be sacredly kept. Wear ever graven on your hearts the Hippocratic oath, "Whatever I see or hear in the life of men which ought not to be spoken of, I will not divulge." But they say the courts hold otherwise. The confidential communications of the prisoner to his counsel and the secrets of the confessional are respected by the law, and am I to believe the professional confidences of my patient, on which perchance her fair fame depends, are any less so? I am sure his honor would protect and excuse any one of us in declining to answer such question. But suppose he does not? Why then, remaining silent we should be held to be in contempt; of course his honor must protect the majesty of the law; I should bow to it, going submissively to jail, still keeping my own honor and that of my patient, for what is the disgrace of prison walls and the contempt of court in comparison with being in contempt of one's self? When at last I was released I should resume practice at the old stand, with a prospect that the ladies would employ me whatever the judges might see fit to do.

This reminds me to speak of something which it is almost indispensable that you should secure, a practice. But be careful as to the kind of practice and the price you pay. To establish yourself regularly in the practice of medicine, you will first attend to your license fee and join the local medical society. This is right and it will probably afford you the first and only use you will have for your diploma. You will next have your name and title, done in gilt on a strip of tin with a black lacquered background, displayed on your office shutter. There is no real objection to this provided it is made subordinate to the rest of the landscape. But if you take my advice you will trust to an ordinary door plate for the first six months, while you keep that sign in gilt and black exposed to the sun and weather in the back yard to take off some

of its dreadful newness. Then comes the temptation to frame your diploma and hang it up in a conspicuous place in your office. Nothing improper in that? No, but they are tiresomely common. Do you not think it would be in better taste to select a really fine etching illustrating some scripture scene, say the Good Samaritan, or the woman who "had spent all her living upon physicians?" Better let the parchment repose in a tin case until it is wanted in joining another society.

How are you to get practice? When you undertake to treat a patient it is a good plan to know nothing but your profession. Study the case and strive to make yourselves masters of the situation. Is the disease curable? then you are there to cure it. For the purposes of your calling it should make no difference with you whether this first case is a rich or poor man; if the latter you are in a position to do him all the more good; indeed, now I think of it, the chances are very much in favor of his being poor. I have never seen that beautiful lesson of the Master, "The poor ye have always with you" more forcibly brought home to our daily life than in the case of the medical man at the outset of his career. It seems to be one of the blessed compensations of our social economy that the young physician with plenty of time at his command has no lack of charitable objects on which to bestow it, while the established practitioner whose time is money finds it necessary to devote his mainly to the wealthy classes. Such being the conditions, can you wonder that we welcome you to this noble guild? Still "*per aspera ad astra*," over rough roads lies the way to glory.

Is there no easier route, no short cut to practice and success? I cannot deny that there is, and you will find those standing high up in the profession in the eyes of the community, sometimes in the estimate of their fellows, whose lives, a living lie, are by their success constantly proclaiming to the young man "This is the way, walk ye in it." Would you enter on that path? then tell the anxious mother who calls you in to see her darling boy who is complaining of his throat, fevered and tossing about with a simple tonsillitis, that he has the worst type of diphtheria, but providentially she has called you while it is still in the incipient stage; had it been twelve hours later you would not be answerable for the result, but now, though very sick, you are confident you can pull him through; that you have saved thirty cases this season and only lost one, which had been left in the hands of a quack until it was too late. Three days afterwards, the boy being added to your list of "saved," you will leave the family grateful to the saviour of their boy and convinced of your remarkable skill in diphtheria.

Tell the poor woman who comes to consult you in regard to a wen on the back of her head, about which she has been secretly worrying for six months past, keeping the knowledge of its existence concealed from everybody, that it is as she feared, a cancer,

and must be removed. That the operation in less skillful hands than yours might prove a dangerous one on account of the proximity of the large vessels, but that the real danger in this, as in most cases of cancer, is from the roots. When you were in Vienna—of course you have never been there nor would you have learned anything if you had—you obtained the secret of a certain salve which, applied after the removal of the cancer, is sure to draw out any remaining roots. With the use of that you can guarantee a complete cure. For the operation charge her fifty or five hundred dollars according to her means, present her with a box of the salve, and send her away happy and “saved.” As a rule charge to the full extent that they will bear. Have no bowels of compassion in this matter, they will so come to set all the higher value upon your advice.

Procure a large plate electrical machine for your office; it will serve to impress if not to “shock” the public. For your instruments select those which will cause the bystanders to talk and stare, rather than for the use they might have in any particular case. If, for example, you are consulted in epilepsy, bring out the ophthalmoscope, adjust the lamp and peer through the lens. Although the methods you pursue and the habitual insincerity of all your ways will necessarily prevent your ever gaining any accurate knowledge of its use or by its aid, all the same say to your patient, as one who afterwards came under my care—said a distinguished authority in this line of practice—so high up that I shall not name him—told him, that you can see down to the back of his head and locate the exact spot of congestion that causes the fits.

Do not hesitate to assure the hypochondriac that all his trouble comes from catarrh of the duct leading from the brain to the liver, and if you have a little manual dexterity and he can afford to pay you for so delicate an operation, you can demonstrate the matter to his satisfaction by inflating the eustachian tube through the nose. Will they believe all this? Certainly they will if you do your part; the human kind are wonderfully susceptible to imposition. Why, people who depend for their mental pabulum upon the newspapers will believe anything, even to the absurdity of believing Pasteur a humbug.* If you put on that face of

*NOTE—See that generally excellent and widely read WASHINGTON EVENING STAR of March 13, 1886, for a special cablegram conspicuously headed, “Is Pasteur a Humbug?” which cablegram goes on to say that Dr. Anna Kingsford (?) of England writes to the papers that “she has now carefully investigated seven of Pasteur’s best known and most widely cited cases and finds them spurious inventions.” And this of Pasteur! who of all living men merits the most grateful recognition from his fellows; he, whose rigid, searching analysis and patient, untiring research after the hidden cause in so many forms of disease, has triumphantly established the truth of his germ theory, and who by his inquiries has so exhausted the whole subject that in publishing the truth to the world he has given to science at once the bane and antidote of the malady. As if the name of this great French chemist, who, though not a physician, has done more for the healing art than all the academies of medicine could be in any mind associated with “humbug!” But the great majority of the STAR readers, who will thus have their faith unsettled in this latest hope of science that a remedy for rabies has been found, know nothing of the unsalable fame of Pasteur outside of this, which may prove his greatest discovery; and so, newspapers are made, also history.

owlish wisdom, which after a little you will know so well how to assume, you will have no difficulty in finding fools enough to accept you as the seventh son of a seventh son, and your success is assured. Cultivate this insincerity and bombastic pretense in everything, in your actions, in your dress, in riding, in walking, in standing, in all the common things of your daily life, and it will soon come to be an integral part of your being, inseparable as the shirt of Nessus. You will have wealth, influence, "troops of friends;" your life will be rich without and only poor within. So shall you travel through the world on the highways of success, and have the monumental brass of your career transferred to your tombstones.

I went one day in the early autumn not very long ago to stand by the graves of two noted men, one a financier and one an artist, where they lie side by side in their lofty place of sepulchre among the hills at Brattleboro, Vt. The day was beautiful and the sunlight as it rested lovingly on the spot lit up the wealth of marble ostentatiously piled above the resting place of the former. It was most fitting to the life and career of the man it was designed to commemorate. The work was the most elaborate and expensive of its class. On a central medallion of marble was the veritable Colonel himself, beaming and important as ever; he the successful Yankee peddler, the Prince of Erie, the fiddling Nero of the Black Friday, the Admiral of the Fall River boats with his brass band, the proprietor of Pike's Opera House and god of opera bouffe, as it played for his own delectation, he, the very quintessence of shams. And the marble female figures that clustered around him there were so like his own opera girls in ballet that you could not doubt the design was a spectacular presentation of the apotheosis of quackery in the person of the late Colonel of the 9th Reg't. Only one thing seemed to me incongruous, the tall, central shaft pointing heavenward. "Of the earth, earthy," all his life he had been looking down; all that life hollow, a sham, with no soul in it, the very conditions of his being precluded any other existence than this; a claim of immortality for him is preposterous. Does not your modern doctrine of development and its inexorable law of "the survival of the fittest" teach you this? And what says the highest utterance? "They that are accounted worthy to attain to that world, and the resurrection from the dead"—No, not every one, only those who "are accounted worthy."

And then I turned to where "all that time could wither" of the lamented artist sleeps with as yet only the green sward for monument. Here was a life, whatever its failings, that was most noble and loving, and however dark the mental shadows that stole over it at the last, that tired brain at all times

"Wrought in a sad sincerity."

This was a life in its aims separated heavenwide from all shams or taint of quackery, and, standing there I thought it needed no

high sepulchre, needed only the mountains which girt us round, lifting out of shadow their sun-lit peaks to lift our thoughts and teach us that such a life begun here had not ended there; and that he whose hand had painted those magnificent horses of the "Morning" in the already changing frescos on the walls of the Capitol at Albany, faltering and failing here, might perchance—being deemed worthy of that resurrection—have found in the light of a new "morning" a realization of strength and beauty and immortal life which the highest vision of his passing earth dream had not even shadowed.

These are the two men, each typical of his class, and you stand to-night at the parting of the ways; which will you choose? Here you must walk, there you may ride. Each one must decide for himself. Yet it were better, a thousand times better, that you enter into your professional life halt and maimed, yea, and go through it on crutches, than to ride in gilded chariots with such as these.

Here, setting forth on that journey, I leave you. How much that I thought to say remains untold. As I turn its pages the lesson how incomplete, so like this life of ours, for ah,

"Too soon, too soon
The noon will be the afternoon,
Too soon to-day be yesterday."

It was my opportunity, but I have let it pass, and here where the ways divide I pause one moment for a parting word. And still the wish recurs that apart from all which I have said to night in its nature ephemeral, designed only to do duty for the occasion and wither with its flowers, I might yet, speaking for the faculty, in the brief moments that are left me, utter some word to remain, a sentence to go with you on your journey, one thought that in all contact with the world should keep you from the evil. May it not be this: "*Noblesse oblige*." Your profession requires it. This does not translate it; the French words imply the nobility of the rank and the obligation which that confers. We must take it as it stands, not fully translatable by any English words—"Noblesse oblige." The thought of this, nay, the living in it is what we all need. Holding thus, it is no light vow, no holiday service to which you dedicate yourselves to-night. Here in the glamor of this festive occasion, surrounded by sympathizing and applauding friends it seems easy to enter and keep "The Noble Path."

But remember this is your last public appearance. It will be for the members of other professions to stand in the electrifying presence of great audiences and give utterance to their highest thought in the forum or at the altar stairs. For you a silent work, a calling that will call you at all times, in night and storm, over country roads in bitter weather, to a responsibility in the presence of disease and wretchedness not to be shunned, with censure perhaps unmerited, that must be borne. Anxieties, vex-

ations and discouragements await you. Yours the soul-narrowing, daily round and drudgery of the practice, looking ever on the sad side of life in the constant presence of the weakness of human nature, its vice and its meanness. And out of the grime of all this sordid contact your professional vows are to be kept inviolate, unstained the white pages of the record opening to-night whereon you write "*noblesse oblige*." The temptation will come in many ways, but all resolvable in the last analysis into this, to part with personal integrity for present gain. You cannot afford it, "*noblesse oblige*."

There will come an hour when a doubtful comment from you, remaining silent, or even to "damn with faint praise" the action of a professional brother in some unfortunate case under his charge will serve to build you up and to pull him down. He has often tried to injure you and now it is your opportunity. "*Noblesse oblige*," it is not your opportunity for it is beneath you. Speak rather the generous word—is he not your brother?

Again, "hast thou faith? have it to thyself," but do not make your religion or irreligion a stepping stone to practice. Just now it is fashionable to know no God but potential energy, and Huxley and Spencer as his prophets. Do you say that as scientific men we must accept their conclusions and so eliminate God?

"I pray thee, then,
Write me as one who loves his fellowmen."

To them our obligations remain the same. Your philosophic faith does not require you to say flippant things about Moses to gain popularity and practice with a class who hold agnostic views, not like you from scientific study, but from want of study and lack of mental development. Can you say a single word to shake the faith of your patient, the poor woman for whose fading life heaven is the only hope? "*Noblesse oblige*." Be honest and serious in your belief, or unbelief whichever it is, for it may yet prove that this potential energy, "whom they ignorantly worship," is but another name for the Power, "By whom also He made the worlds."

But later the temptation will take a different form. It will be shown you that you stand in your own light in failing to join one of the dominant religious societies in your community. Dr. S. is a leader in the class meetings and has all the methodist practice; if you would only identify yourself with the Baptists, how it would help your position. "*Noblesse oblige*," be above it. Practice religion as you practice medicine, visiting "the fatherless and widows in their affliction," but do not let them make you a church doctor. An honest agnosticism is infinitely better than a mercenary devotion:

"First of all else to thine own self be true."

Through many avenues "it must needs be that offences come." They will even dare to ask you to hide disgrace by crime. They will come offering the bribes of patronage and influence with the threats

of loss of business and position, saying that your success depends on them, and it will be whispered that wealth is all powerful and that the poor have no helper. What is that they ask? Sometimes it is a potent drug to take away a stain. Again it is only a little paper, a certificate that scoundrelism is insanity. Can you afford to give it? "*Noblesse oblige.*" Or again some crazed brain has committed a revolting crime and a whole community are crying, "crucify him, crucify him," pronouncing a woe on the physician who shall venture to call him insane. Will you risk your practice and your reputation thus? Can you not at least keep silent and let him pass? Not when in your heart something whispers "*noblesse oblige,*" and a voice speaking out of the ages says, "What is that to thee? follow thou me."

So, in His footsteps whose mission here was to heal and to save, go forth into this, the noblest profession, wearing ever on your lives the motto

"Noblesse oblige."

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS

OF

W. W. L. CISSEL, M. D.

MARCH 17th, 1886.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :

In behalf of the Class of '86 I would extend to you a most cordial greeting, and express to you my sincere thanks for gladdening our commencement by your presence and kindly interest. There are, doubtless, many among you who have listened to the farewell addresses of men, who, with their classmates, were upon the "eve of launching their frail barks upon the stormy seas of professional life." Since these addresses are mainly similar in their import and always of far more interest to the speaker and his immediate friends than to the audience in general, I almost despair of interesting you from fear of monotony. While pouring over our books or while anticipating the happiness of this hour, the course to us seemed a long one, and we are glad to know that we have "run the race entire, have reached the students' harbor," and now at a glance can scan the past so like a pleasant dream, yet containing many facts of stern reality. While we are thus entranced there may be some among you, who, partaking of the sympathetic, unselfish nature of Sir Sydney Smith, may wonder what will become of us all. Despite witty criticisms of young physicians and discouraging predictions of the future, we assume the garb of that time-honored class and bow in submission to what the fates may have in store for us. When we are called before you, as we hope to be at some near time hereafter in the practice of that which we have here learned and of which we this night have received the symbol and authority, we beg you will remember that while against youth there is always prejudice, wisdom does not always come with gray hairs, and judge us rather by our acts and their results than by the words of those unfortunate or rather uncharitable persons who, themselves not without faults, are too apt to cast stones at young men in their outstart in the profession. During our sojourn in this city we have become acquainted with many of our dearest friends, though some of them we have known but a short time. To most of them our farewell this evening must be final, while those whom we shall meet again will find in the student of to-day and the doctor of to-morrow the same inherent qualities.

With your Honor, the President of our University, we as medical students could have but little intercourse. While your

wisdom is manifested by the growth and supremacy of the institution under your direction, ever vivid in our memories must remain this occasion on which we received from your hands the laurels of victory.

Gentlemen of the Faculty, at your feet we have listened in reverential silence, and have received that admonition and instruction which enriches and ennobles life. By your manifest interest in our common cause and by a thorough disquisition into each of your subjects you have satiated the mental appetites of your most enthusiastic pupils. For all you have done for us, for all you have been to us, we have no remuneration to offer, save our most heartfelt thanks and the resolve by a lifelong devotion to our profession to endeavor to attain such prominence as will do justice to your earnest teachings. With due regard to the information we have received at your hands, we still remain in your presence, as a class, to receive further parting counsels, dear to us as when, years ago, we lingered upon the threshold of our paternal roof, were the parting words of our devoted parents. While our hearts beat rapidly in exultation there is intimately mingled with our joy, a deep feeling of sorrow at our dissociation with so beloved a body, and at our dismissal from your tutelage. When time shall reveal to us our future, should we perchance occupy positions corresponding to your own, we shall ever regard you with filial love and still consider ourselves your inferiors. From our lips you need no commendation, for farther than any words of ours could reach, you are known, loved and honored.

Classmates, there is nothing which binds the hearts of men so closely, as unity in thought and pursuit. Three years ago we met as strangers within, then, strange walls, where we received our initial charge. Thenceforward, we have ever been associated. Together we have been in the lecture-room, the laboratory, the "quiz," the dissecting room; and together at the clinic, have witnessed the appalling effects of disease, and the efficacy of the physician's hand. While here to-night, we are again assembled probably for the last time. Thus in our memories, familiar faces are associated with all the events of student life. To-night we separate; some of us may remain in this city to compete with a multitude of able men, others may seek renown in larger cities, while a few may risk their fortunes in distant localities, courting success in some newly settled region, among a rude and rugged people. Wherever Fate shall lead us, or whatever our lots shall be, let us ever kindly feel the tie which unites us. Thus far we have been under the guidance of our Alma Mater. To-night, we bid her farewell. In the future no oracle will direct our steps, no observer will vouchsafe wise councils. We must rely upon ourselves. We should not repine at this, for when, by stimulating our faculties to greater exertion to unravel a case, our satisfaction will be greater, our knowledge far more lasting, than should we languidly await its solution by another. Many of us, while listening

to the wooings of ambition, have probably pictured the path to fame, by elucidating and discovering a cure for the opprobria of medicine—the so-called incurable diseases. Our hopes may be cherished and buoyed onward by youth, until too often our gray hairs will disclose their futility. This evening we emerge from college walls, amid the congratulations of our friends, on the morrow we may be summoned by pitiful cries, to contend with that dread and subtile foe to the human race—disease. In the ensuing struggle our conduct will be watched by a criticising public, who disclose, and often with pleasure laud the name of the victor, with little compassion for the vanquished.

Undergraduates, with you, also, we must sever our relations, as a class. When you shall have returned to your task with renewed vigor, surrounded by groups of gay friends, we would advise you to remain kindly inexorable to their entreaties to join in their pleasures, for when your goal shall have been attained, you can join them with happy hearts. In parting, we would commend to your protection the interests of our Alma Mater. Be good to her. Obey her teachings, and you will find her a kind and fostering mother.

And now, with sorrow at the parting, but with joy and with pride in the promise of the future, I must say to friends and to Faculty, to classmates and to undergraduates, that last and saddest word: Farewell.